Feby 14, 26

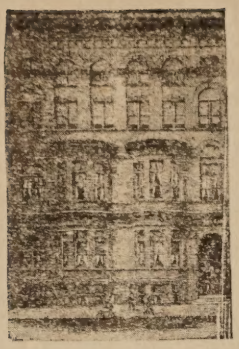
Peterboro

Rev Mr Robinson

Dear Sir

I just feel like sending a few lines of appreciation to you. I have been listening to your Sermons & Church Services for several Sabbaths back (by Radio) I am partly a Shut-in and as Judas always a Church per. I have greatly missed it since I am laid by from attending, and having the Radio in our home for nearly five weeks I certainly have enjoyed your Church Services, what a great thing to be able to hear Services from other Churches many miles away, there must be thousands of persons like my self unable to attend Church now enjoying the Services almost as well in their own names & feel as if Judas almost personally acquainted with You, and may the Heavenly blessing be showered abundantly on you and all Gods Servants I look forward for each Sunday so as to hear You, Pray for me that I may have more of the Spirit- give me to be able to bear my burdens

Very Respfly. (Shut-in)



E. B. BARNES, PROP.

HOTEL RALEIGH

352-354 FRANKLIN STREET

TELEPHONE: TUPPER 8384

DAILY, WEEKLY AND MONTHLY RATES

W. H. LAPHAM, MGR.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feby 26th 1926

Rev Stuart M Robinson
First Presbyterian Church
Lockport. N.Y.

Dear Sir, While on a visit at Long Branch - Ont Canada. Sunday last my husband and myself had the pleasure of hearing your Sermon on "Lazarus" over the Radio. I would like you to know that we enjoyed your message and both felt it was good for us to have heard it, and we thank you for God's wonderful message.

Sincerely Yours

(Mrs Doane) Georgena. MacDonald -

Batavia, N.Y.
Sept. 26, 1926.

Rev. Stewart M. Robinson,
First Presbyterian Church,
Lockport, N.Y.

Dear Friend,

For such you have been to me if you but knew. Every week it has seemed you were preaching directly to me and your prayers were for me. Today your "Jesus Savior Pilot Me" was surely sent to me. You are the first minister I ever heard use that for a prayer. My self, I am always singing my prayers to Him. "Pilot me" is my specialty and I sorely needed it today. I have lived with Him all my life and He is as real to me as your voice coming over the radio. In fact the radio in a way is a great deal like His own communicating with us but He speaks to our souls and the radio strikes our human imperfect selves.

I am practically a shut in. Am very, very far from well with a helpless, or nearly so, mother to care for. Still I am so strong in my trust in God that those around me never see my need of care and sympathy. I have only Him to lean on in the whole world. He rests me and cares for me but lately I am so tired and sick will you not pray for me? It is hard when you cannot even find a minister who can see underneath, your weakness of body and terrible need of earthly help, but only recognizes your strength of spirit and personality. I live from inside out side and those near to me seem to mostly live from out side inside. All my life I never could take other people's thoughts but I had to get my guiding in life from the Holy Ghost within. I have been willing to be His hitching Post and let Him think for me. I hardly know what the word failure is because I think He knows how to do it and if I trust Him, He will show me. I've always had trouble and responsibility around me. I feel there are big things He has for me

to do in the near future and if I had not suffered would I of understood? "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." Any real parent will punish the child they love to make them see clearly. I am inclosing a few verses of my own that tell somewhat of what life means to me, at least I think you will see my meaning. I sincerely believe you will. It is really my life.

I need your prayers as one strong in Faith needs the prayers of another of the same order. My cross is too heavy lately. It takes much to discourage me but lately my health is so bad and mother so sick I took her to the hospital and I am facing another strain on my system that should be small but for me at present will be like the "straw that broke the camel's back," I am almost dulled to all love and beauty and every thing just now. Even my doctor thinks me strong. My personality is too strong for others to see what I see and this is the wail of a strong but discouraged heart. I think the real thing that

is breaking me tho is a feeling in my heart of disgust with those around me, yes, even my own husband tho I love him, nobody knows how much, enough to give life itself for him. I think it is expressed in the one hundred twenty third Psalm better than I can express it.

Also you struck me this morning in speaking about money. I have a wrong feeling about that. Back in my mind I have a feeling of hatred for money. I know it isn't right but it is there. It has been caused by those around me, those nearest and dearest, thinking a person wasn't of much account unless they had big names, etc. I have written quite a few things my self but do you suppose I could sell them? There is hardly one that I would take money for. They were mostly written to help some one or other I could speak to in no other way. How could I sell them? But the loved ones I speak of cannot see why. Can you?

Now I must not take up any more of your time but I hope the day

will soon come that I may come to Lockport and talk my heart out for God sent you to me by radio. Some day I have a big work before me. I know what - but all in His time. I belong to the children. They almost worship me. I never really grew up myself. I'm still a child, God's child, tho I'm nearly forty. Also I am willing to be His hitching post. I realize how small I am and how wonderful He is.

I think you will realize that this is not only a letter written to you but a prayer to God. I'm so tired, so tired. I stand so terribly alone as far as humans are concerned. Friends? Yes, I have dear ones but — well, they simply cannot sense the things of Faith as I do. All, in spite of my poor sick body, feel I am stronger than they and lean on me. In a way my mother and father always have about as long as I can remember. Even as a child mother, father and brother (two years older than I) have seemed to

feel I was a strong rock to hold on to. I never dared do things as others might. My companions followed me. Always and ever "my brother's keeper". I do not meet a soul I can really talk to only once in a year or two and three years many times. The things my Father has put before me like an open book are not to be talked about. I have learned to keep still and work from inside my closed doors. A great share of people really have child minds and have never really learned to think. They are the kind my general life is thrown with. Can you imagine the heart hunger, the soul agony? I am a terrible sufferer bodily but I can not compare my bodily suffering with the ache of my very soul. Some times it has seemed I was nailed to a cross by the side of Jesus. Even as a child I felt sorry for Jesus and wanted to carry His cross. It was a wrong idea caused by the pictures I had seen. A few years ago a vision came to me of a mother carrying a

heavy chair. A tiny child was trying to shoulder it and really thought he was carrying the load. Once in a while mother would let the chair down on the child. The little one struggled on, stumbling, tumbling never glancing back. How brave he was and how tired and helpless. At last he happened to see his mother. She had only thought he carried the load. How small he felt. He realized she had been really carrying it all the time. He knew he was too helpless to carry her burden for her.

This came to me as plainly as tho it were on the screen. I laughed and have seen God's jobe ever since. I've been willing to do the little things I could do and have trusted Him to prepare me for heavier burdens. We can not bear even a tiny bit of that heavy cross of our Savior until we are full grown. I love Him — Oh, how I love Him. It seems the time is nearly here for a wider more active service. How it is coming, I do not know. He will find a way. All I know is — I must write to You. I have

wanted to for a long time but until now I could not.

I hope you can excuse my long letter. I believe you can as I believe you are sincere. God is all in all to me. I believe He is to you. I love Him so and I have so little chance to tell how much. You are doing a great, a wonderful work and my prayers are with you. I believe such thoughts construct as solidly as tho your hands formed bars of iron or great concrete walls. They are harder than the hardest thing in the world the eye can see. Thoughts, good or bad, are what really construct and tear down. Not the hands. I would hold such thoughts around your wonderful work.

Thanking you, I am,

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Lois E. Rhodey.

P.S. I have a horror of having my name in the papers or before the public in any way. I know you will respect my shyness. It has been hard for me to send this letter.

Mrs. Geo. L. Rhodey, 446 Ellicott St., Batavia, N.Y.